

"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Suck

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"MAKING MONEY."

The Italian Opera "takes" in New York.—The Manager "takes" the money, because the Star "takes" with the people.

PUCK.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

PUCK will hereafter be on Sale in London, at the News Agency of Messrs. HENRY F. GILLIG & CO., 449, Strand, Charing Cross.

Americans in Paris, hitherto reduced to "Punch," "Fun" and "Judy," will now find their natural paper on file at the "Herald" Office, 49 Avenue de l'Opéra.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications, and to this rule we can make no exception.

Remittances by Money Order, etc., are to be addressed to KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

Our advertising friends are only required to pay bills presented on the billheads of PUCK, with our stamp IMPRESSED thereon.
 KEPPLER & SCHWARZMANN.

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THE HORROR OF THE DAY.

We have it on Scriptural authority that the man who loses one merino sheep out of an even hundred makes a vast deal more fuss about the missing one than over the ninety-and-nine safe in the fold. This perhaps explains thereas on why, when a seaman who has made one hundred and twenty-five voyages in safety, comes to grief on the 126th, a universal howl of execration and condemnation arises from several millions of people who never were on a steamship in their lives and probably never will be.

The mere fact that a Captain, after doing all that in him lay, to that end, failed to go down with his ship has caused a vast disappointment to those worthy people of sentimental dispositions who like to read of deeds of heroism—when performed at a distance, by others. But we cannot see that it is incumbent upon even the most devoted Commander, when his ship is lost through no fault of his own, to make a voluntary sacrifice of himself, like a Hindoo widow on her husband's grave.

Captain Schwensen, in the trying hour of the "Pommerania" disaster, did his duty like a man. He shirked none of the responsibilities of his position. He was ready for Death, if Death had to be met in the discharge of his duty.

Whatever may have been the conduct of his sailors—and at this time we have only unauthenticated rumors of cowardice and brutality—Captain Schwensen and his officers behaved like true men, and we do not believe that the world will grudge the brave survivors of the disaster their well-earned lives.

If you have ever tried to mix a salad, we think we can count upon your signature to a petition to Congress, requesting a generous subsidy to the man who shall invent a cruet oil-bottle that will keep its contents on the inside of the glass until wanted.

LET OUR CHARITIES REMAIN AT HOME.

THE old adage that "charity begins at home" should swell itself up into a larger sentence and read, "Charity should stay at home!" There are millions of children in our land who are going, the boys to the State Prison, the girls to Bro. Talmage's resort—and all because the money of charitable people of the land is being spent in sending tracts to little niggers who can't read them; providing flannel shirts for cannibals who won't wear them; and keeping a crowd of hypocritical loafers, men and women, on duty soliciting and collecting aid for these useless purposes.

But, right at our doors, are enacted scenes which the old Spanish Inquisitors would have delighted in. It is so nice to put five wretched idiots into a ten-foot cell; poke them their food at the end of a long pole; treat them less mercifully than the hostler treats the stall of his horse; and leave them there for so many months that the stench renders the investigating committee too faint to investigate.

And yet we want some more dollars to convert the heathen.

Some of our young men commit sudden and impulsive crimes, are convicted, and become the prison-associates of criminals; and to lead them into a better life they are subjected, for the least infraction of discipline, to being burned with alcohol, doused with cold water, strung up by the thumbs, left in darkness and damp for weeks at a time, and yet—

We want money to convert Fiji Islanders!

There is a great deal of ^{dam-n}_{sense} about these charitable contributions in this age and generation.

Thousands of poor people have been half-starving themselves in this city, for the past few weeks, in order to help build a marble cathedral on Fifth Avenue. If people want to worship God, a square brick building is good enough for them to bend the hinges of the knee in.

But, nevertheless, even with our marble cathedrals, we want money to convert the Timbuctoos.

It is funny when it looks that way; and you see money poured out like the overflowing of a freshet over a mill-dam, to convert a lot of buck niggers in Africa, while our white Christians among us are being maltreated, mauled and murdered in the public institutions in our midst.

But it will be funnier when you remember that cash contributed to convert a Kangaroo-Islander is not easy to be audited; it is easy to say he wouldn't be baptized unless he had a Baxter Street soldier-coat, a gun, a pair of red drawers, a bottle of ham, a barrel of whiskey and a cocked hat. But when you pay money into home charities there is a better chance to see where it goes to, what is done with it, and so—

The philanthropists of the country, ladies and gentlemen, would respectfully invite you to contribute liberally to convert the poor African.

The "poor African fund" has made many a rich man of those who collected but forgot to distribute it.

To those who have money to give, Puck gives his advice, in a word to each.

If you are asked to contribute to build a marble church—DON'T!

If you are asked to contribute towards converting a bull-African, with a missionary's bone in his V-shaped teeth—DON'T!

If any Chadbaud, sleek and greasy, comes into your office, for contributions for fancy charities, give him a—KICK!

But if you have money to spare, look around you, in your own neighborhood, and put it, yourself, where it will do the most good.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

WE wish to call attention to the self-respecting heroism with which PUCK has refrained from making one single Thanksgiving joke.—PUCK, *this week*. Yes; we noticed it. But the abstinence was excessive. Why didn't you make one on some *other* subject?—*N. Y. Daily Graphic*.

Why didn't we? Bless your heart, dear boy, give us credit for a *little* generosity. We didn't want to crowd you quite out of the field, you know. Don't you remember, *you* made a joke once yourself—your one single solitary joke—two or three years ago; and we thought it was about time for you to trot it out again, and so endeavored to leave room for you.

It was such a little joke, you know, and, with encouragement, we thought you might bring it up again and make people believe it was a fresh one. We are sorry you didn't.

Puckerings.

"O'DONOVAN ROSSA, the Fenian Head-Centre, For the Skirmishing Fund requests aid."

We always imagined the Fenian head-scenter Was the rankest of third-class pomade.

THEY drink Raki in Bulgaria. Grant ought to send on one of his family as *avant courier*, that the Bulgarian barkeepers may know what his American Majesty means when he calls for a Raki cocktail.

"ON the last day it will not be asked what we believed, or what we did, but what we loved;" and myriads that have kept the fearful secret well through lives thereby embittered, shall yell out: "Onion salad!"

THE Heywood Comic Opera Co. has let itself loose upon the country. It plays the "Grande Duchesse" with a male soprano, which his name is Heywood, and he has a Worth wardrobe. Where, oh, where is Miss Maud Granger now?

TEACHER. "Define myrmidon." Profound silence.

SHOW SCHOLAR. "I know. It's a woman with a mirror, wot's all the time conbin' her hair—and—and—and she's got a fishes tail, I think."

SETH GREEN doesn't believe that eels spawn; but as long as he notes the curious coincidence that a young sport usually appears in a new fall overcoat the very day he leaves his watch at the jewelers for repairs, he'll never doubt that men do.

WHAT with the electric light, the phonograph and the *Sun's* Miss Fancher, who dispenses with victuals and drink, and has achieved the long-sort-for immortality, isn't it about time humanity shut up shop and put the world in the hands of a receiver?

Having succeeded in securing a quantity of copies of "Puck" containing "Talmage Cartoons", we hereby notify our Readers that they can obtain the following Issues at our Office:

No. 82, October 2.

" 84, " 16.

" 85, " 23.

" 87, November 7.

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.



No LXVI.

THANKSGIVING.

Ya-as. A we-spectable, quite nice, and aw not underbwed Amer-wican family, there are weally such people he-ah, yer know, invited Jack and me to dinnaw, aw on a day that everwybody calls a

Thanksgiving. I have twied verwy hard to understand the meaning of this business, but but so far I have been unable to pwopahly fathom it.

I do know that it is inseparably connected with turkey, faw everwy fellow in everwy gwade of society is obligid to eat turkey under penalty of being imprisoned faw a long perwiod of ye-ahs.

The nearwest appwoach to any satisfactory explanation faw the terwible consumption of turkey throughtout the aw country is, that everwybody is supposed to be verwy much obliged faw the twemendous stweaks of luck he has had durwing the ye-ah, but then, aw this seems wather widiculous, faw if some fellows have had a twemendously satisfactory sort of a ye-ah, a considerable numbah of othah fellows must have found no weason to congwatulate themselves on the wesult of the ye-ah.

Besides, I'm told that everwybody says—I mean aw people who are obliged to bothah their bwains with keeping shops, or manufacturwing, or wunning wailroads, or doing the aw things that fellows connected with twade are obliged to do—that gweenbacks are exceedingly difficult to pwocure at any pwice, and that t-t-times are extremely bad. Of course Jack and I can't, yer know, appweciate this twouble; but then, yer see, I don't quite understand the object of this pwocess of thanksgiving, when people in the southern part of the country have been bothahed with the fevah—the aw yellaw fevah—and a gweat many othah individuals have been miserwable generwally.

Weally quite too awfully widiculously absurd, yer know.

The dinnah—it was aw ne-ah Fifth Avenue, wasn't half bad, by Jove: because, yer see, I wasn't obliged to eat aw any of the turkey, and besides I had on my wight hand wather an awfully jolly girl—faw an Amerwican. I think I must impwove the acquaintance. I am gwadually beginning to understand the peculiarwities of these Wepublican cweatures.

Lorne keeps telegwaphing to me to come on to Canada. I suppose we ought to have been at aw Halifax to meet him and his wife; but 'pon my soul I can't hurwy myself; never can be in a hurwy; it doesn't agwee with me.

I think when he and the Pwincess get quietly settled down in their wesidence, I shall wush—no, not wush—up to Canada by easy stages aw.

STARTLING, IF TRUE.

WE have received the following communication. We may remark that the theory appears to have a tinge of probability in it—but we do not vouch for its truth.

To the Editor of Puck:

Sir—It is said that Judge Hilton exhumed the remains of his late master, A. T. Stewart, to obtain his brains, to help him in running the business, which is now running into the ground.

JOB LOT.

NEW YORK, Nov. 29, 1878.

PRAISE FROM THE DICTATOR AGAIN.

Citizen Editor Puck
Madison Square
No. 90 is simply immense!
English Puck and French
Charivari are nowhere!
GEO. FRANCIS TRAIN

Translation: "Madison Square, Pagan Era, 49. Citizen Editor PUCK:—No. 90 is simply immense. English Puck and French Charivari are nowhere!
 What will you make it, Mr. Train?—PUCK.

THE THEATRES.

THE UNION SQUARE brought out Mr. Bronson Howard's new play "The Banker's Daughter" on Monday. This shows, on the part of the Union Square management, a lamentable disregard for the feelings of PUCK, whose large edition goes to press on that day—too early to permit of any thorough and exhaustive criticism on a play not yet seen. Thus we are cruelly deprived of the opportunity of dilating on the merits of Mr. Howard's piece.

We can only, therefore, state that Mr. Palmer has done all his possible—in Parisian phrase,—to make a success, and that he has set the financier's offspring gorgeously as a queen; so that if an auspicious launch can help that young lady to sail into the hearts of the New York public, she will do credit to the new management.

"That Lass of Lowrie's," Mrs. Burnett's and Julian Magnus's, attracted a huge audience to BOOTH's on Monday of last week, has kept the theatre full ever since, and will continue to do so all this week. Mr. Magnus has not succeeded in making a play out of that excellent but utterly undramatic novel, because nothing short of a special interposition of Providence could effect such a transformation; but he has at least worked it into a series of graphic pictures, dramatic in outward form, strong in color, and well calculated to prove attractive to the public. It is well put on the stage by Mr. Deutsch, although bad stage-management rather marred some of the best effects on the first night. A prompter may have his own ideas of dramatic construction; but we do not see that he is quite justified in summarily cutting short, by lowering the drop, an act whose dénouement does not suit his critical taste. Mrs. Raymond, though slightly nervous, between the large house and the aforesaid prompter, sketched the character of the "Lass" with a good deal of vigorous simplicity. Mr. Dalton's virile and Wallackian intonation was well suited to the large stage. Mr. Davidge played his low-comedy part *con amore*—even to the extent of supplying the authors with a good deal of new and extraneous dialogue, and Miss Geraldine Maye was sweet and self-possessed in a small part.

THE French Opéra Bouffe Company, with the diminutive but vivacious Mlle. Zélie Weill as star, is at the ST. JAMES, where it is making itself very much at home, to the great delectation of all lovers of the light fantastic Offenbach and his tuneful colleagues.

At the LYCEUM, Miss Claxton and her company are giving the bouncing and bumptious Reade a show, theatrically speaking, and have scored a fair hit for the ambidextral novelist.

A STORY FOR THE VERY LITTLE ONES.

ONCE up-on a time there was a Man and his name was Ker-nel Ma-ple's-son. And he was a big Man with black Whisk-ers and a red Nose.

And this Man Ma-ple's-son was a very Bad Man, and he was cru-el, and made all good pe-o-ple hate him ve-ry Much. For he was an O-gre.

And Ker-nel Ma-ple's-son lived in a big house which he call-ed Her Maj-es-ty's Hop-er-a. And he us-ed to go out and Cap-ture lit-tle boys and girls and take them a-way from their ma-mas and their pa-pas and carry them away to the big house to tor-ture them.

He did this be-cause he was a fa-ther him-self, and it a-mus-ed him. So he us-ed to take the little chil-dren and tie them up with chains, and sp-ank them, and wal-lop them, and Bang their Heads with rail-road i-ron.

And he had a man to help him bang the ba-bies, and this man was a big and wick-ed I-tal-i-an with a Club. And he was As-sis-tant Bang-er.

And when he was Ti-red of beat-ing the chil-dren, th's bad man used to make them Dance on a Red-Hot Grid-iron.

And this is the Lit-tle sto-ry that the So-ci-et-y-for-the-pre-ven-tion-of-cru-el-ty-to-children told to the Judge at the Jef-fer-son Mar-ket Po-lice Court.

But when the Judge heard it, he said to the So-ci-et-y-for-the-pre-ven-tion-of-cru-el-ty-to-children: Pull Down your Vest.

And they pull-ed it Down.


Answers for the Anxious.

HASELTINE.—No, it is she who is giving you asphaltum in a saucer.

JUVENIS.—Does your highly respected mother know that you are, if we may put it thus grossly, out? We fear sadly, Juvenis, that if the venerable lady were aware that you were not only loose upon the world but actually writing poetry like that of which you have treated us to a sample, she would reach for the fine old traditional slipper, and give us a chance to hand your case over to the proper jurisdiction.

A LEGEND OF COKKI BEN-BUTLAH.

From the Arabic of THIN-GUM-BON.

 OKKI-BEN-BUTLAH—rests he in peace?
May the dust of his corpus forever increase!
During life had a vision, in which, it is said,
He imagined himself to be burned and dead,
And, crossing the river of Death, his soul
Spied Paradise, high on a neighboring knoll
Of land, to the West. And, coming straight—
Ben, or his soul—to the Heavenly Gate,
Cried unto Peter: "Pray, open for me!"
"Nay! nay!" said the Saint, "that may not be,
Hades, friend, is the place for thee!"
Said Butlah—and heaved, as he spoke, a sigh—
Dear Peter, 'tis true I have done wickedly
Sometimes, but nevertheless one eye
For the Truth, the Right, and Honesty,
I have always kept."

Said the Saint: "'Tis true,
But alas! 'twas the crooked eye which you
Used in regarding Truth and the Right,
While the other and straighter orb of sight
Saw that your purse's strings were tight;
Nay! Cokki-Ben, as I said before,
You can never enter at this door;
Take the broad-guage road to your left—farewell!
It will lead you straight to the gate of thingamy."

Arrived at Hades, Butlah stood
Waiting for one of the Brotherhood,
And viewing at length the familiar grin
Of Satan, remarked: "Old boy, let me in."
"I would," said the fiend, "but, on my oath,
I doubt if the place would hold us both."
Sighed Ben to himself: "'Tis as plain as euchre
That Nick is in want of the filth called lucre."
Then aloud cried he, as he held up a roll
Of greenbacks: "Old man, I will pay this toll."
But the Devil replied, as he winked one eye:
What good will they be in this heat by and bye?
No paper used here—or any such sell—
Fork out Those Spoons, and be welcome in h—l!"

JAMES R. CAMPBELL.

GALLIC GUMDROPS.

FLAVORED TO SUIT AMERICAN TASTE.

AT NEWPORT.—Scene: Hotel Ball-room.—
"My dear Miss Jones, since you haven't a
dance left for me to-night, at least you'll per-
mit me to be your partner when you go to the
bath to-morrow?"

"AND you are really going to marry again,
after losing that dear husband of yours—and
you so young and pretty yet!"

"My love, it's simply out of respect for the
memory of the late. This is a scandalous
world!"

THEY bounced him literally and figuratively,
starting him down two flights of stairs.

"Well," murmured he, resignedly, "p'raps
it's just as well. I was goin' down, anyway."

"LUCKIEST man I ever knew—everything
succeeded with him. He had only to say what
he wanted, and he got it. Why, confound it,
I was walking with him one day—the very last
day of his life, and he said to me: 'When I
die, I want to die suddenly.' Got run over
that very night, by hokey! Ever see such
luck?"

* "Hades" is more elegant than "h—l," but does not rhyme
quite so solidly to "sell."

AT THE SEASIDE.—Affable Boarding-House-
Keeper to Prospective Tenant.—Just look at
the view of the beach, sir. Why, from this
window here you can see yourself bathing.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE WAR.—Officer, en-
tering the non-combatant's quarters: "Nothing
the matter, gentlemen; it was only a false
alarm—some loose cartridges exploded, that's
all."

Aggrieved newspaper correspondent: "Dam-
nit! and I'd gone and made a battle of it!"

FITZ-ADOLPHUS JONES is a young man of
free manners. He took the liberty the other
day, of telling his pretty cousin Leila, in the
presence of her awful mama, that she was "a
pearl of a girl."

To which the mama responded with dignity:
"You forget, sir, that you are addressing the
child of my bosom!"

Viewed from that point, it was a sort of a
half-shell compliment.

THE Old Gentleman of Neglected Education
asked his son, who had just brought home a
prize for geography from the Apollo Academy:
"What does G-U-L-P-H mean, Jimmy?"

"Tisn't G-U-L-P-H, papa, it's G-U-L-F."

"Well, then, what does G-U-L-F mean,
Jimmy?"

"I don't know."

THEY do say that Tom Taylor, the editor of
the London *Funch*, was on board a yacht in
the Mediterranean, when, a heavy squall arising,
the captain ordered all his passengers to throw
over their heaviest luggage. Taylor hoisted
overboard all his copy for the next number of
"The London Charivari," and in five minutes
the boat drew half-a-foot less water, and rode
safely into port inside of an hour.

"DIDN'T I tell you to call me at six o'clock
this morning? Why did you disobey me, Jo-
seph?"

"If you please, sir, I was afraid you wouldn't
like it. You were asleep."

IN THE GREENROOM.—"Public, sir, Public!
Talk to me about your Public! No more ap-
preciation than a lot of cabbages. Why,
damme, sir, I played *Hamlet* on the Southern
Circuit for twenty consecutive nights, and what
do you think the Public did?"

"Hissed?"

"Yes, sir, just that. Hissed Shakspeare, by
Jove!"

He gave ten cents to the hack-driver, after
driving three hours and a half in the rain.
That driver did not cuss, he did not swear.
He only looked sympathetically at his fare,
and said:

"I'm very sorry!"

"Sorry for what?"

"Sorry to see you so hard up as all this.
Now, don't take it so to heart, I'm not re-
proaching you, you know—far from it. Here,
just let me make you a loan of this dollar—
don't hurry yourself—pay it back when you
feel easier—you've got my number."

FIRST MUSICIAN: The best of Auber's works,
sir, is the double-six.

SECOND DITTO: The double-six.

FIRST MUSICIAN: Yes, the *Domino Noir*.

SOME Indian tribes file their teeth. That is
because they are ignorant uneducated savages;
when a civilized man wants to get his teeth on
edge, he sucks a lemon.

THE prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced
to twenty years, at hard labor. The Judge
asked him if he had anything to say for him-
self.

"No," he answered, sadly; "this verdict
has quite upset me."

"What! you didn't think you were going to
be acquitted?"

"No—but, really, the case was such a com-
plicated one, so mixed up, you know, that I
rather expected the tribunal would declare itself
incompetent."

HE was a grave man, of philosophic air, and
he was intently regarding a lively fight between
a Bowery heeler and his pal, who had fallen out
with each other, just as birds in their little nests
will disagree sometimes.

"Do you know that that is an eloquent ar-
gument in favor of marriage?" he remarked.

"No?"

"Yassir. If them two men had wives at
home, they wouldn't neither of them be re-
dooced to mashin' a friend. It's low down,
that kinder thing is."

"BOUGHT a carriage for yourself? You ex-
travagant wretch!"

"Well, now, look here—I had to. See those
boots? Observe the holes. I couldn't walk in
those things, could I?"

"ROBERT, take care not to have the supper-
room too warm to-night—don't let the ther-
mometer go above thirty-six."

"But we've eighteen at supper, mum, and
that's only two degrees apiece."

"If I was drunk, I sh'd see double. Now
I'm dead shober, sure. I don't see naathin'
tall."

THE famous Greuze, "Broken Eggs," went
for twenty-five thousand dollars at the Paris
Exposition.

"Gracious goodness!" said Mrs. Smith of
Cincinnati, "what would Grooze have got for
it if them eggs had been whole!"

"To say a book is by Thingamy is to re-
commend it," said Brown; "you may buy it
with your eyes shut."

"And read it the same way," responded the
cruel Jones.

A BASE and irreclaimable beast of a philos-
opher has said: "Woman is a clock which runs
slow after five-and-twenty."

SHE sat at night by the sad sea-waves with
her friend, as two college professors passed
by. Respect for the learning of the wise men
kept the fair ones silent, until one professor,
looking up at the solitary star that twinkled in
the sky, said:

"Look at Venus—how bright she is this eve-
ning."

"Gracious heavens!" she cried; "at that dis-
tance—he can tell whether it's a male or fe-
male!"

OUT HUNTING.—"Cross that brook—cross
—but—why, I say, Jim—are you sure you can
touch bottom?"

"No! that's just what I want to find out."

"BRACE up, my dear, and try to look some-
thing like; there's the Baron passing. Ah! if
you'd only let me fetch you one little crack in
the small of the back, to bring your shoulders
up!"

THE INTERRUPTED MEETING;
OR,
THE BOYS' REVENGE.

SOME females, whose names I won't mention,
Decided to hold a convention;
So they issued their call,
And hired a hall,
That they might fulfill their intention.

Some boys, by the old Nick elected,
Whose breeding was sadly neglected,
Pledged themselves, in a "cup,"
To wind the thing up,
In a manner that was not expected.

Heart to heart, hand in hand, side by side,
Down to Washington Market they hied,
Where the stands and the vats
Are infested with rats,
And twelve dozen vermin they "bayed."

Then each with a bag with a rat in,
And each with a bag with a cat in,
Went into the hall,
And emptied them all
Neath the chairs that the good women sat in.

Then up from that hall went a roar;
Each old gal leaped up from the floor—
Such bursted elastics,
And lightning gymnastics,
Had never been witnessed before.

In shrieks, and a greased locomotion,
And a noise like a terrified ocean,
The "Female Convention"
Adjourned, I would mention,
Without an amendment or motion.

The President's chair had a hood in,
Likewise a blonde wig she "looked good" in;
But these things were all
That she left in the hall,
Save a fine handsome le—limb that was wood-en.

KARL KASE.

SOME SOCIAL FIENDS.

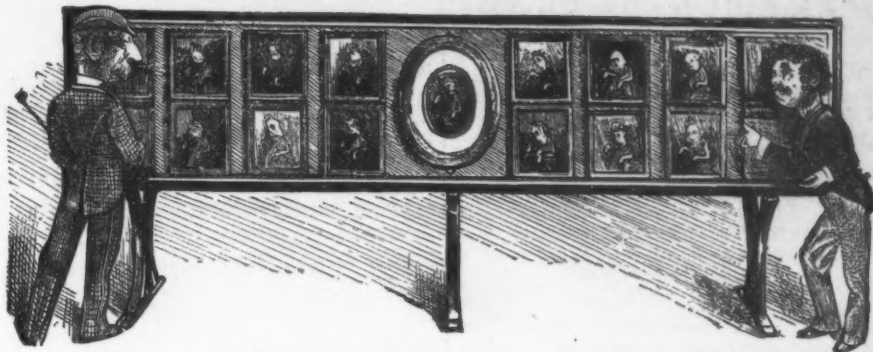
X.

THE INTERVIEWING FIEND.

It may be noticed by the observant reader of this journal that the usual pictorial illustration of the Social Fiend does not appear at the head of this column. This is from no neglect or fault of the artist. It is merely from the utter impossibility of even a Doré or a Keppler to convey to the public any idea of the vast amount of cheek which the average interviewer carries around with him. The intellectual department of the *Daily Bosh* generally recruits its corps of interviewers from that nation which comes from its bogs to gobble up the offices of great municipalities like that of New York. These interviewers are called (by the intellectual department of the d. b.) "Ambassadors;" and if you have any little domestic difficulty in your family they ring your door-bell at night and ask if your wife has really gone the wicked way; for a personal description of her; and all the particulars of the flagrant deliction—to be served up, the next morning, in the *Bosh*, with many headlines, in a variety of types. If you kick him out of door (as you should, but as you generally don't) he merely rubs his intellectual department, scratches the liveliest part of his head, and goes elsewhere in search of pabulum for his paper.

The Interviewing Fiend is never so successful as when he gets hold of the remote family of some "boy with a white eye." These honest folks reside in their quiet neighborhood, hap-

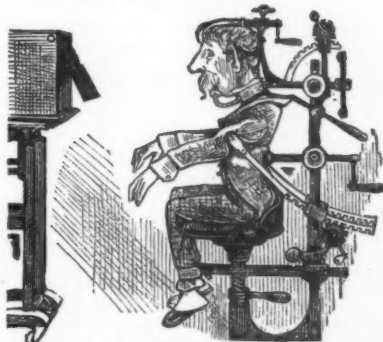
"QUITE AN ART IN ITSELF!"



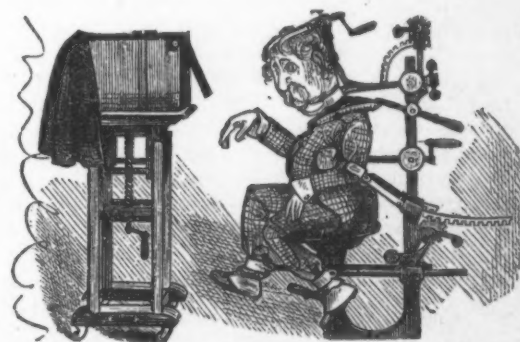
"You will notice," says the Photographic Artist, "the immense variety of the poses in my photographs. Quite an art in itself to pose the subjects! I shall be able to make a first-rate picture of you!"



"You see, I place you first in my patent posing machine—that machine's quite an art in itself too—"



"Then, by simply turning a handle or two, I screw you at once into a most natural and picturesque pose—quite an art. Put a little more contentment into the features, please."



"What? 'Don't think the machine quite suits you? 'Not a natural pose?' 'Would rather sit easily in a chair, so?' Oh, my dear sir, most preposterous! Wouldn't do at all. No ART in it. Oh, dear, you'll excuse my laughing at the notion!"

—Fun.

pily wending their way through the vicissitudes of life to the happiness of a peaceful death. What have they of responsibility, because some wild 9th cousin of a remote uncle has brought into the world a human devil who goes about seeking whom he may stab to death? But the Interviewing Fiend knocks at the door and commences:

"I believe you are a cousin of Hesse Jummeroy?"

The answer comes without thought; and afterwards, such is the overwhelming power of cheek, that you give yourself away, tell all the circumstances of your connection with the young assassin; and the next morning your neighbors read the dished-up story at breakfast—and thenceforth avoid you.

The Interviewing Fiend is never seen at better advantage when some great person comes to the Shores of Freedom—doesn't the capital look nice?—from the effete dynasties of Europe—lower case e. Then he is metaphorically, personally and very emphatically kicked. But it is funnier to read his account of the kicking.

It is pleasant to see him kicked. It is somewhat in this wise:

"The Marquis, extending his hand, grasped mine warmly, saying he had not felt a real welcome to these shores until he met an Ambassador of the *Bosh*. He asked if I would like to see the Princess, who was then doing up her back-hair before a pearl-lined, *face-ct-nuque* reversible London Mirror. The Princess blushed as she saw the look of honest, manly admiration—"

Do you remember the nigger "Act" once so popular in the travelling shows, when the comic cuss comes out and howls:

"Hark, I hear an Angel sing;"—and the other comic cuss beats him under the coat-tails with a huge stuffed club?

But comic cuss 1 continues to howl notwithstanding the poundings of comic cuss 2 with the stuffed club; for he also is stuffed under the coat-tails, as well as the club; and blows hurt him not.

So with the Interviewing Fiend. He pads his vulnerable part before he sallies forth on his errand of impudence, for he knows he will be kicked, as he ought to be.

E. S. L.

THE PUNSTER'S LAST PUN-ISHMENT.

He looked away to the dim horizon,
As he hung, black-capped, on the gallows-tree;
And he said, "This here is a big cap-size-an'
Oh, would I were where the swallows be—
The cocktail swallows and cobbler punches,
That fill men's souls with *belly-sprees*."

"I'd have killed myself with mince-meat pizen,
Have gone to the land where life's a still;
But I couldn't go back on my sweet old Lize, an'
I held myself in by a monstrous (s)will.
What though the *Drs.* all called me Punjab,
And swore my blood hire lotus pill?"

"What though the tail or heads his bill, oh!
Or the cobbler's sole gives me cipher size?
I'll soon be under the whippertwillow—
Shem hammer Japheth—*here he lies*.
Be that my epitaph in big letters.
Letter rip. Thus a punster dies!"

They dropped him there in the golden morning,
Round he curled like a jumping G—
With a Gordian knot his neck adorning,
And a Punic *murmur backwards*. Free!!
So they wrote on his tomb, in hieroglyphics,
"Dam as cus—here lieth he."

THE YOUNG ENGINEER; OR, BATTLING AGAINST ODDS.

TRANSLATED, CONDENSED AND ADAPTED FROM THE
"Young Pirate's Own," A PAPER FOR YOUTHS.

PART I.

THE TROUBLE BEGINS.

NIGHT!

Darkness mantles the earth.
It generally does in the night-time.

But no matter.

The "Young Engineer" mounts his iron
steed and bounds away.

The rails tremble beneath the massive drivers.

But the "Young Engineer" doesn't care.

He lets them tremble.

The express car attached to the engine is
full of gold and greenbacks clear up to the
roof. A sworn messenger, armed with a Gat-
ling gun and a harpoon, sits on the skylight to
guard the treasure.

Suddenly an oil train on fire comes swoop-
ing down the grade at the rate of ninety-seven
miles a second.

The "Young Engineer" sees the peril, and
goes it one better.

He puts on all steam; the iron Rarus obeys.
It fairly flies.

The momentum is so great that the pon-
derous driving wheels as they turn on the rails
tear them from the ties and throw them a mile
to the rear!

This saves them.

Ha! The "Young Engineer" is triumphant!

But stay!

A dark form is seen climbing over the tender.
It is the double-dyed villain of the story.

We wanted him to come up the steps like
other people, but he preferred to climb over
the tender.

In each hand he carries a Remington rifle
and in his teeth an unsheathed bowie-knife.

"Stop or I fire!" he shouts.

"Fire and be hanged," replies the "Young
Engineer," drawing a sixteen-shooter from his
vest pocket and plugging the double-dyed vil-
lain in nine different places.

He drops at the feet of the "Young Engi-
neer," a corpse.

Stooping over, our hero grasps the body,
flings it in the blazing furnace, and on thun-
ders the train through the black night.

Let her thunder if she wants to.

We can't help it.

SPASM II.

"SYNDIE, OH! SYNDIE!"

Night again.

All the events in this story happened in the
night-time.

This time it is an awful dark night.

The "Young Engineer," through some unex-
plained freak of circumstances is bowling down
the Mississippi river in a clam sloop, when a
cry for help hits him ker-slap in the left ear.

It is a female voice.

Great Hevings!

A female buffeting the waves and struggling
with the dark waters on such a night as this.

She may be young and beautiful and a mil-
lion-heiress—who knows?

The "Young Engineer" stands on his head
and listens.

Then, taking off his undershirt, he plunges
into the river and strikes out for the maiden,
all forlorn, who owns the voice.

He reaches her and buoys her up with a
toothpick just in time to save her from a watery
grave.

At this critical moment a deep-dyed villain
seated on the back of a shark, and armed with
a javelin, comes bearing down upon them.

This isn't the villain we killed off in the first
chapter.

This is a different villain altogether.

The "Young Engineer" sees him.

"Ah, ha! That's your little game, is it?" he
says.

Calmly removing his chest-protector, he hands
it to the maiden for a life-preserver; then diving
beneath the water he takes off his right boot,
draws a sub-marine torpedo from the toe, and
coming up beneath the shark and its rider, he
explodes the machine with a kick and blows
the deep-dyed villain to the four winds of the
earth.

"Saved! saved!" shrieks Syndie, hanging to
the chest-protector for dear life, and smiling in
the direction of our hero.

We have got several more villains to kill off
in the next chapter, so we will leave the inter-
esting couple to get ashore the best way they can.
Tra-la-la, Syndie!

PAROXYSM III.

THE PLOT THICKENS—"ON YE BRAVE!"

More night.

A band of triple-dyed villains are seated in
an old log hut in the mountains.

They are holding a consultation.

Suddenly the "Young Engineer" appears on
the scene with drawn rapier, stabs the sentinels
through the gizzard, and then mounting a
camelopard, rides leisurely away, playing "Tim
Finnegan's Wake" on a nickel-plated Jews-harp.

* * *

The scene changes.

We are now in the private office of a rich but
unscrupulous railroad magnate.

He, too, is a villain of the deepest dye.

The door opens and his man Friday enters.

"Well, how goes the battle?" inquires the
railroad magnate.

"Bad—I may say d—d bad!" replies Friday.

"How so?"

"Our plans have been foiled."

"Foiled—by whom?"

"The Young Engineer!"

"He must die!"

"I only wish he would."

"I say he *must* die—he *shall* die."

"All right, sir; I'll acquaint him with your
wishes in the matter when I see him. Shall I
go now?"

"Yes, go!"

And the four-fold villain, Friday, went.

He went in search of the "Young Engineer."

While he is searching we will dive into the
startling mysteries of the next chapter.

FINAL KICK.

THE LAST OF THE VILLAINS.—THE "YOUNG
ENGINEER" COMES OUT ON TOP OF THE HEAP
—EVERYTHING LOVELY AND SERENE.

Still night!

It is pretty much the same kind of a night it
was two chapters ago. Dark as the realms of
Pluto, or more so if anything.

A gang of double-dyed villains are hanging
around as usual.

There are fifteen of them this time.

They are all mounted on Indian ponies, and
are gathered in a group beneath a sycamore-
tree in Arizona discussing the excise law.

The noise of an approaching express-train
can be heard in the distance.

The villains smile in chorus.

There is a pile of dynamite nine feet high on
the track.

Great Hevings! Who will warn the pas-
sengers?

Just then the "Young Engineer" happens
along.

He sees the danger.

"I'll save the train, or perish in the attempt!"
ejaculates the "Young Engineer," and away he
dashed on his coal-black steed.

The villains fire a volley of grape and can-
nister and start in pursuit.

They gain on our hero.

"I see I've got to kill somebody to make this
chapter interesting," he says.

And, turning in his saddle, he picks off the
villains one by one until the last pursuer bites
the dust.

Reaching the railroad track he puts the spurs
to his noble steed and charges right into the
approaching train.

The shock kills the horse, throws the rider
through the headlight, and stops the train.

Saved again!

The "Young Engineer" did it!

The passengers gather around our hero and
present him with an oriole watch and chain,
and twenty-five cents in cash in acknowleg-
ment of his bravery.

With tears in his eyes he accepts the testi-
monial; and just then Syndie, who happens to
be on the train, emerges from the sleeping car
in her night-cap, turns a hand spring and
kisses the "Young Engineer" right on the end
of his nose.

At this highly interesting juncture a gray-
haired villain creeps from under a bridge and
approaches the young couple with a deadly
boomerang poised aloft in his right hand.

The "Young Engineer" sees the peril, and
drawing a hairpin from among Syndie's sunny
locks, he stabs the would-be assassin to the
heart.

This winds up the villains.

We had quite an assortment of them on the
start, but the supply has run out.

The deep-dyed, double-twisted villains have
all been conquered, and nothing remains for
the "Young Engineer" to do but get married
and settle down.

He concludes to do it.

Waving the gory hairpin aloft, he hooks on
to Syndie's left wing and tows her away in
search of a Justice of the Peace.

The train kindly waits for them, and after
the fatal words have been said, they board the
sleeping car for Chicago.

That is about all.

Hurrah for the "Young Engineer!"

Three cheers for Syndie!!

Vice has been circumvented and virtue has
been rewarded, with interest at ten per cent.;
so what more does the reader want?

Right here we drop the curtain.

W. S. G.

THE DEMON TEMPERANCE!

HORRORS OF COLD WATER!!

THE YELLOW RIBBON!!!

LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING
OF THE FRIENDS OF WHISKEY—
ELOQUENT DENUNCIATIONS
FATAL AQUEOUS LIQUID
—WATERY WOES!!!!

DOWN WITH THE CROTON!!!!!!

PUCK ON HAND!!!!!!

ON Monday night the large hall of the Cooper Union was crowded with perhaps the grandest assemblage of the Foes of Temperance that has ever done credit to the noble cause in this or any other country. The orator of the evening was Mr. Zachariah Chandler, the famous Apostle of Intemperance, whose crusade throughout the country has been so remarkably successful.

The meeting was called to order at eight o'clock by Mr. Samuel Ward, of Washington, D. C., who introduced Mr. Chandler in a brief but eloquent address. Mr. Ward said that he himself was one of the most startling examples of what indulgence in alcoholic liquors could do for a man. He had begun life as a teetotaler [*groans*], drinking nothing but milk [*laughter*], and that—not out of a mug. [*Sensation.*] Then—what was he? [*Silence.*] A puny infant. He weighed not more than 11 pounds. [*Sobs.*] He had not a pair of trousers to his name. [*Immense enthusiasm.*] Nothing but long clothes. No one respected him—none revered him. He had sunk so low in the social scale that at times he was actually spanked! [*Hisses.*] Fact, he assured them. At ten years old he made a solemn resolve to drink only wine thenceforth. He had kept that pledge. [*Thunders of applause.*] Look at him now. He weighed 200 lbs. In his humble way he was an important social factor. Nobody ever spanked him. [*Expressions of astonishment.*] What had wrought this wondrous change? BURGUNDY! He had identified himself with the wine interest. He was a naturalized Burgundian. Burgundy was flesh of his flesh, and Beaune of his bone. And who had first directed his steps in the right path? Who but his beloved friend here, Zachariah Chandler? He owed that noble man a debt of gratitude which he could never pay. He did not propose to pay it. He intended to hang it up. [*Shouts.*] He begged to introduce to the audience the man who had guided him safely into Port—Zachariah Chandler. [*Shrieks.*]

Mr. Chandler then advanced to the front and spoke with a rich and hasty delivery. He said that he was greatly rejoiced at the large gathering, and warm enthusiasm which he saw all around him. It proved to him that New York took an interest in one of the most vital questions—he might say the most vital question of the day. Wine or water—that was the alternative presented to the young men of America. And he proposed, for his part, to guide their wandering footsteps in the sound scriptural ways—to teach them to drink the drink of the patriarchs and the prophets—the good and grateful wine that flowed through all Holy Writ, from Genesis to Revelations—a fountain of health and refreshment.

"But how—" cried the speaker, warming to his subject—"how do we of to-day observe the Scriptural injunction to enjoy the good things of this earth? How, indeed? Look about you! Observe with what vast and awful strides the

demon of Temperance is marking this unhappy land for his own. Is not the greater portion of society utterly given over to bestial dissipation in that most fatal liquid, Cold Water? Is not the deadly Croton turned on in every house? Do we not see the ice-water cooler in every business office? Look where we will, can we fail to find the traces of that insidious fluid—lurking in our milk, in our coffee, in our very whiskey? Are not our money-markets, even, overloaded with watered stocks? Are not watered silks a common spectacle on the counter of every dry-goods store throughout the broad land? What is to be the end of all this? I heard, only the other day, of a man who committed suicide by jumping into the water. This man was an irreclaimable teetotaler. How different would have been his fate had he been brought up to a whiskey standard! Could he have come to such an untimely end? Where could he have found enough whiskey to drown himself in? Nowhere, where I have ever been—you may be sure of that. [*Cries: "we are!"*] And if he had, wouldn't such an immersion only have served to keep him in spirits! [*Fro-longed groans.*] I beg pardon of the meeting; but my feelings overpowered me. I came to New York by water (the Erie Canal), and I am not well yet. This was one of the sorrows of Water, alluded to by the German poet Goethe. You see how weak I am."

The speaker then went on to say that the time had come for a reformation the like of which had never been witnessed throughout this broad land. He hoped to see the day when the poor misguided workman would cast away the ice-water, milk and coffee with which he had hitherto filled his stomach and destroyed his digestion, and turn to the bright and sparkling champagne for solace, support and sustenance. He hoped to see the day when every laboring man would moisten his midday meal with copious draughts of Piper Heidsieck from his tin pail; now, alas, only too often filled with chilling and dyspeptic Water. And when that glorious day should come, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the white-winged angel of Intemperance should spread his snowy pinions over beatified humanity. Wine should run from the taps now desecrated by the croton; brandy should spurt in the public fountains, and the serpentine convolutions of the whisky-still should fold society in their genial embrace. And, waiting for that bright millenium, he still would continue to uplift the banner of Gambrinus, and scatter little drops of whiskey, little bits of clove, over all the thirsty land.

Mr. Chandler having closed his speech amid volleys of applause, the famous revivalist minstrels, Messrs. Tod and Grogblossom, sang the beautiful crusaders' hymn:

"Hold the gin, the sugar's coming,
Let the swallows roll!
Wave the answer back: we're bumming!
Fill the flowing bowl."

There was not a dry eye in the room when these sweet tones died away—nor an æsophagus that wasn't dry.

Mr. Cronin of Oregon then made a few interesting remarks on the life of that noble apostle of the true cause known to history as "Old King Cole." He spoke of the monarch's jovial disposition, and paid him a high compliment as a patron of the arts and a musical connoisseur of no mean standing. He regretted that the names of the "Fiddlers Three," chosen companions of the enlightened ruler in his most amiable moods, had not been conserved to posterity. And it was also a matter of sincere regret to him that true drinkers of to-day might never know the exact nature of the potation which filled the King's immortal Glass. But whatever mists of obscurity may shroud his identity, "let us," said the orator, "worship

with reverence the memory of a man who did more than any other—nay, than any two or three others, to sustain the dignity and sacredness of the Drunk."

Mr. Cronin then announced, amid great applause, that the sweet singers of Inebriety would delight the meeting with the favorite air, "Not any in mine."

When this performance was over, Mr. Cronin introduced Mr. Owny Geoghegan, who appeared much affected by the solemnity of the occasion.

Mr. Geoghegan said:

"My frensh, I come 'fore you to-night—'fore you to-night—'fore you to-night—in fac', I come 'fore you to-night. Genl'mn and ladiesh, if there is one shing dear to the heartsh of true inebriatesh, it'sh the mazhic wordsh: shetmupagin! Shet 'em up agin! [*Here the speaker brought down his hand with tremendous force on the table, knocking the Chairman's Hennessey jug to the floor.*] Genl'mn, I have shet 'em up agin myself to some exshtent. I am per—prepared to shetmupagin shome more. Lan'lor', bill zhe blowing fole, until it does run over—jush like me. [*Here the speaker, overcome by the violence of his emotions, fell into the front row of seats; but was fished out and replaced on his feet.*] Genl'mn, he'sh all a jol' goo' fel', whis nobody can deny. Genl'mn, I have finished. [*Tumultuous applause.*]

Mr. Cronin then read a letter from President Grant, dated Culmbach, November 1st, in which he said:

"I long to be with you in person, as I am in spirits. Trust me, I am doing what little I can for our dear cause in these benighted lands. You will not believe me when I tell you that such a thing as a Stone-fence is absolutely unknown throughout Germany, and that an Eye-opener is something undreamed of." [*Sobs.*]

After Messrs. Tod and Grogblossom had sung: "Come to Gambrinus!" Mr. Chandler closed the meeting with a few touching words. He first told the story of a converted soda-water seller, who, having seen the error of his ways, emptied all his fountains into the gutter, having first got gloriously intoxicated: and then passed on to speak of a man by the name of Rutherford B. Hayes, who was intemperate only by stealth, and who made sacrifices to Bacchus in Oranges. He finished by speaking of his own experience, saying: "Once I was a poor, thin, dyspeptic young man. I never had a fight. I never knew a moment's true happiness. I joined the ranks of the intemperate, and look at me now. I never want for a drink. I have got in with the boys; and by laying out a good social route, I can get treated right straight along. I know the sacred, sweet delights of the dead drunk. I feel that if I had a wife I could whang her."

The meeting then adjourned, singing:

"Gentle Bacchus, Bacchus loves me!"

WE climbed to the top of one of the piers of the Brooklyn Bridge t'other day; but experienced none of the much talked and written of impulse to jump from the dizzy heights. We couldn't, however, resist launching a huge globule of saliva into space, and we watched it as it fell down—down—down—down, right upon a man's silk hat.

LITTLE HERBERT, whose father occasionally uses theological terms in anything but a Scriptural connection, received his first pair of boots on his sixth birthday, and hurried up stairs to put them on. In ten minutes back he comes, very red and with flashing eyes.—

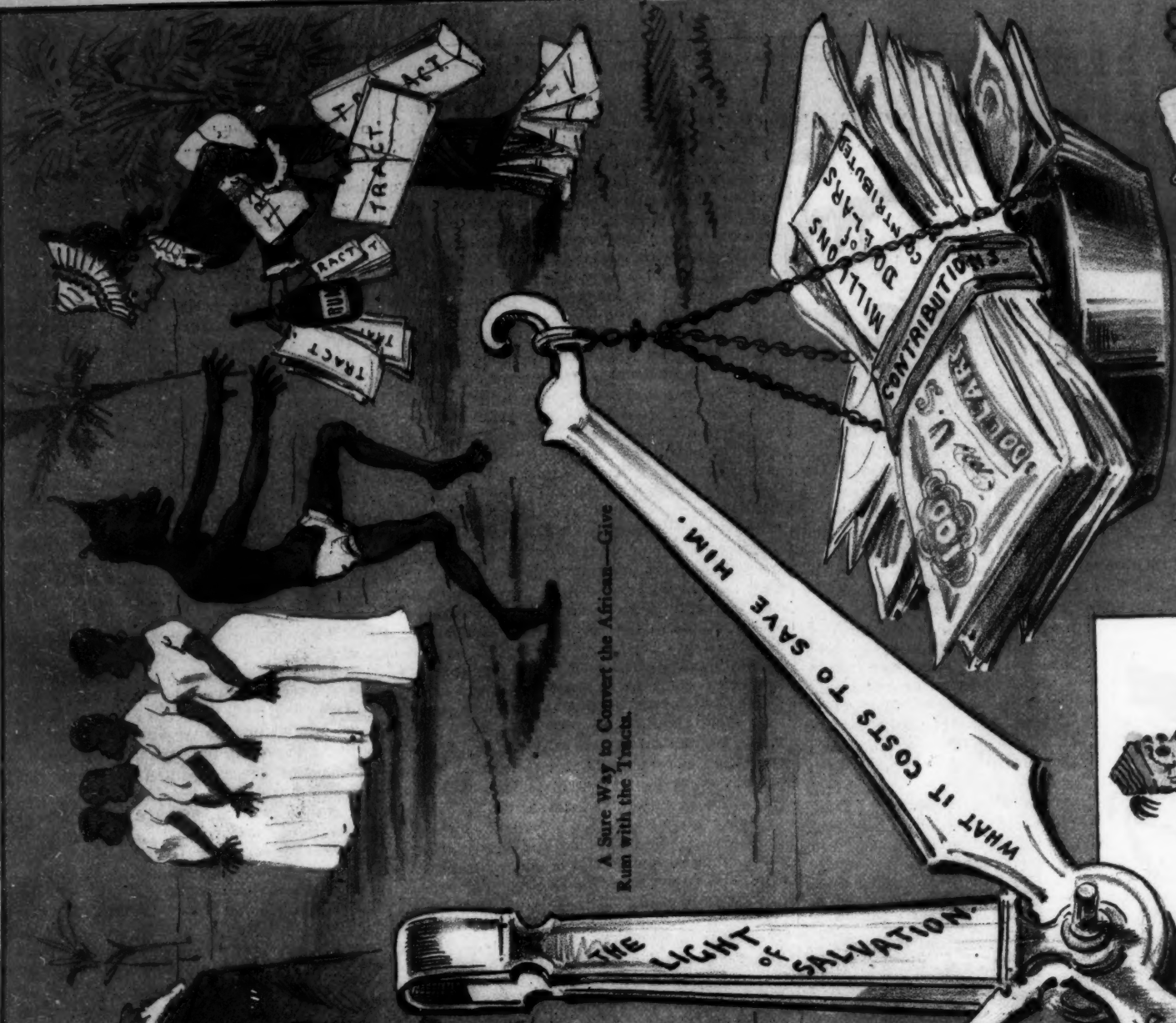
"Oh, mama!" he cries, "I couldn't get 'em on at all. Dey was so tight—an' I jes' said 'Damn it', jes' like pa, an' they went on smooth as anything." (An actual fact.)



Foraging for Funds to Convert the Heathen.



How the Money Goes.



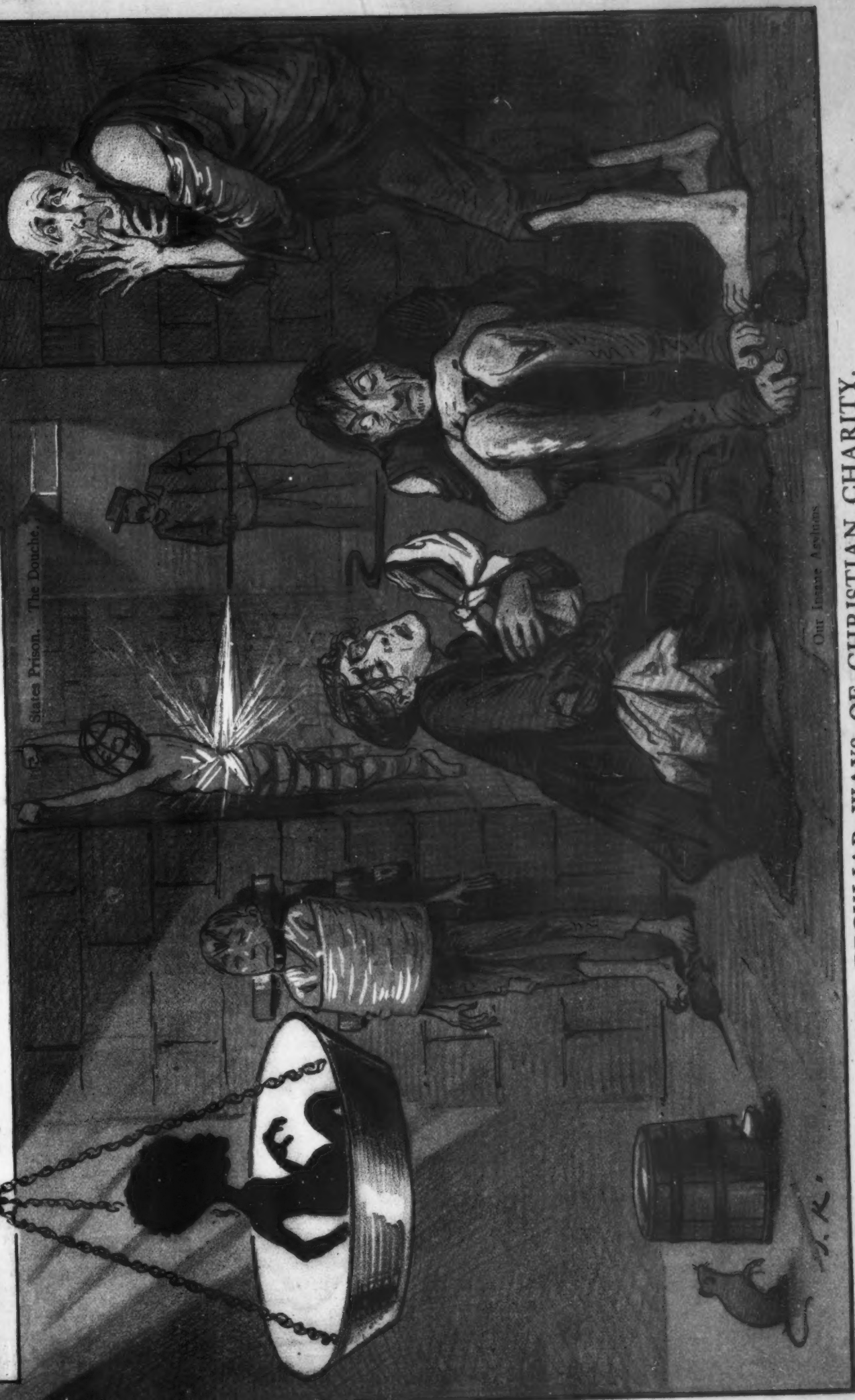
A Sure Way to Convert the African—Give Him with the Tracts.





Glory Halleluya! Contribute to the Fund, Dear Brethren,
and get Christian Chromos, as we have.

How they Christianize the Chinese in California.



States Prison. The Douche.

Our Inmate Actions

THE PECULIAR WAYS OF CHRISTIAN CHARITY.
ISN'T IT ABOUT TIME FOR IT TO "BEGIN AT HOME?"

J. K.

BIANCA.

W. E. NORRIS IN "BELGRAVIA."

(Continued.)

ALAS! I knew not of what I was speaking. I had not yet heard the last of Herr von Rose-nau's entanglement, nor was I destined to escape from playing my part in it. Next morning, after breakfast, as I was poring over a map of Switzerland, Murray on my right hand and Bradshaw on my left, his card was brought to me, together with an urgent request that I would see him immediately and alone; and before I had had time to send a reply, he came clattering into the room, trailing his sabre behind him, and dropped into the first arm-chair with a despairing self-abandonment which shook the house to its foundations.

"Mr. Jenkinson," said he, "I am a ruined man!"

"I answered rather dryly that I was very sorry to hear it. If I must confess the truth, I thought he had come to borrow money of me.

"A most cruel calamity has befallen me," he went on; "and unless you will consent to help me out of it—"

"I am sure I shall be delighted to do anything in my power," I interrupted apprehensively; "but I am afraid—"

"You cannot refuse me till you have heard what I have to say. I am aware that I have no claim whatever upon your kindness; but you are the only man in the world who can save me, and, whereas the happiness of my whole life is at stake, the utmost you can have to put up with is a little inconvenience. Now I will explain myself in as few words as possible, because I have only a minute to spare. You have not forgotten what I told you about myself and the Signorina Marinelli, and how we had agreed to seize the first opportunity that offered to be privately married, and to escape over the mountains to my father's house, and throw ourselves upon his mercy?"

"I don't remember your having mentioned any such plan."

"No matter—so it was. Well, everything seemed to have fallen out most fortunately for us. I found out some time ago that the Marchese would be going over to Padua this evening, on business, and would be absent at least one whole day, and I immediately applied for my leave to begin to-morrow. This I obtained at once through my father, who now expects me to be with him in a few days, and little knows that I shall not come alone. Johann and the Marchese's housekeeper arranged the rest between them. I was to meet my dear Bianca early in the morning on the Lido; thence we were to go by boat to Mestre, where a carriage was to be in waiting for us; and the same evening we were to be married by a priest, to whom I have given due notice, at a place called Longarone. And so we should have gone on, across the Apezzo Pass homewards. Now, would you believe that all has been defeated by a mere freak on the part of my Colonel? Only this morning, after it was much too late to make any alteration in our plans, he told me that he should require me to be on duty all to-day and to-morrow, and that my leave could not begin until the next day. Is it not maddening? And the worst of it is, that I have no means of letting Bianca know of this, for I dare not send a message to the Palazzo, and there is no chance of my seeing her myself; and of course she will go to the Lido to-morrow morning, and will find no one there. Now, my dear Mr. Jenkinson—my good, kind friend—do you begin to see what I want you to do for me?"

"Not in the very least."

"No? But it is evident enough. Now listen. You meet Bianca to-morrow morning, you explain to her what has happened, you take her in the boat, which will be waiting for you, to Maestre; you proceed in the traveling-carriage, which will also be waiting for you, to Longarone; you see the priest, and appoint with him for the following evening; and the next day I arrive, and you return to Venice. Is that clear?"

The volubility with which this programme was enunciated so took away my breath that I scarcely realized its audacity.

"You will not refuse; I am sure you will not," said the Count, rising and hooking up his sword, as if about to depart.

"Stop, stop!" I exclaimed. You don't consider what you are asking. I can't elope with young women in this casual sort of way. I have a character—and a sister. How am I to explain all this to my sister, I should like to know?"

"Oh! make any excuse you can think of to her. Now, Mr. Jenkinson, you know there cannot be any real difficulty in that. You consent, then? A thousand, thousand thanks! I will send you a few more instructions by letter this evening. I really must not stay any longer now. Good-bye."

"Stop! Why can't your servant Johann do all this instead of me?"

"Because he is on duty like myself. Good-bye."

"Stop! Why can't you postpone your flight for a day? I don't so much mind meeting the young lady and telling her all about it."

"Quite out of the question, my dear sir. It is perfectly possible that the Marchese may return from Padua to-morrow night, and what should we do then? No, no; there is no help for it. Good-bye."

"Stop! Hi! Come back."

But it was too late. My impetuous visitor was down the staircase and away before I had descended a single flight in pursuit, and all I could do was to return to my room and register a vow within my own heart that I would have nothing to do with this preposterous scheme.

Looking back upon what followed across the interval of fifteen years, I find that I can really give no satisfactory reason for my having failed to adhere to this wise resolution. I had no particular feeling of friendship for von Rose-nau; I did not care two straws about the Signorina Bianca, whom I had never seen; and certainly I am not, nor ever was, the sort of person who loves romantic adventures for their own sake. Perhaps it was good nature, perhaps it was only an indolent shrinking from disobliging anybody, that influenced me—it does not much matter now. Whatever the cause of my yielding may have been, I did yield. I prefer to pass over in silence the doubts and hesitations which beset me for the remainder of the day; the arrival, towards evening, of the piteous note from von Rosenau which finally overcame my weak resistance to his will; and the series of circumstantial false statements (I blush when I think of them) by means of which I accounted to my sister for my proposed sudden departure.

Suffice it to say that, very early on the following morning, there might have been seen, pacing up and down the shore on the seaward side of the Lido, and peering anxiously about him through an eye-glass, as if in search of somebody or something, the figure of a tall spare Englishman, clad in a complete suit of shepherd's tartan, with a wide-awake on his head, a leather bag slung by a strap across his shoulder, and a light coat over his arm. Myself, in point of fact, in the traveling costume of the epoch.

I was kept waiting a long time—longer than I liked; for, as may be supposed, I was most

anxious to be well away from Venice before the rest of the world was up and about; but at length there appeared, round the corner of a long white wall which skirted the beach, a little lady thickly veiled, who, on catching sight of me, whisked round, and incontinently vanished. This was so evidently the fair Bianca that I followed her without hesitation, and almost ran into her arms as I swung round the angle of the wall behind which she had retreated. She gave a great start, stared at me, for an instant, like a startled fawn, and took to her heels and fled. It was rather ridiculous; but there was nothing for me to do but to give chase. My legs are long, and I had soon headed her round.

"I presume that I have the honor of addressing the Signorina Marinelli?" I panted, in French, as I faced her, hat in hand.

She answered me by a piercing shriek which left no room for doubt as to her identity.

"For the love of Heaven, don't do that!" I entreated, in an agony. "You will alarm the whole neighborhood, and ruin us both. Believe me, I am only here as your friend, and very much against my own wishes. I have come on the part of Count Albrecht von Rosenau, who is unable to come himself, because—"

Here she opened her mouth with so manifest an intention of raising another resounding screech that I became desperate, and seized her by the wrists in my anxiety. "Sgridi ancora una volta," says I, in the purest lingua Toscana; "e la lascerò qui—to get out of this mess as best you can—così sicuro che il mio nome è Jenkinson!"

To my great relief she began to laugh. Immediately afterwards, however, she sat down on the shingle, and began to cry. It was too vexatious: what on earth was I to do?

"Do you understand English?" I asked despairingly.

She shook her head, but sobbed out that she spoke French; so I proceeded to address her in that language.

"Signorina, if you do not get up, and control your emotion, I will not be answerable for the consequences. We are surrounded by dangers of the most—compromising description; and every moment of delay must add to them. I know that the officers often come out here to bathe in the morning—so do many of the English people from Danielli's. If we are discovered together there will be such a scandal as never was, and you will most assuredly not become Countess von Rosenau. Think of that, and it will brace your nerves. What you have to do is to come directly with me to the boat which is all ready to take us to Mestre. Allow me to carry your hand-bag."

Not a bit of it! The Signorina refused to stir.

"What is it? Where is Alberto? What has happened?" she cried. "You have told me nothing."

"Well, then, I will explain," I answered impatiently. And I explained accordingly.

But, dear me, what a fuss she did make over it all! One would have supposed, to hear her, that I had planned this unfortunate complication for my own pleasure, and that I ought to have been playing the part of a suppliant instead of that of a sorely-tried benefactor. First she was so kind as to set me down as an impostor, and was only convinced of my honesty when I showed her a letter in the beloved Alberto's handwriting. Then she declared that she could not possibly go off with a total stranger. Then she discovered that, upon further consideration, she could not abandon poor dear papa in his old age. And so forth, and so forth, with a running accompaniment of tears and sobs. Of course she consented at last to enter the boat; but I was so exasperated by her silly behavior that I would not speak to

her and had really scarcely noticed whether she was pretty or plain till we were more than half way to Mestre. But when we had hoisted our sail, and were running before a fine fresh breeze towards the land, and our four men had shipped their oars and were chattering and laughing under their breath in the bows, and the first perils of our enterprise seemed to have been safely surmounted, my equanimity began to return to me, and I stole a glance at the partner of my flight, who had lifted her veil, and showed a pretty, round, childish face, with a clear, brown complexion, and a pair of the most splendid dark eyes it has ever been my good fortune to behold. There were no tears in them now; but a certain half-frightened, half-mischievous light instead, as if she rather enjoyed the adventure, in spite of its inauspicious opening. A very little encouragement induced her to enter into conversation, and ere long she was prattling away as unrestrainedly as if we had been friends all our lives. She asked me a great many questions. What was I doing in Venice? Had I known Alberto long? Was I very fond of him? Did I think that the old Count von Rosenau would be very angry when he heard of his son's marriage? I answered her as best I could, feeling very sorry for the poor little soul, who evidently did not in the least realize the serious nature of the step which she was about to take; and she grew more and more communicative. In the course of a quarter of an hour I had been put in possession of all the chief incidents of her uneventful life.

I had heard how she had lost her mother when she was still an infant; how she had been educated partly by two maiden aunts, partly in a convent at Verona; how she had latterly led a life of almost complete seclusion in the old Venetian palace; how she had first met Alberto; and how, after many doubts and misgivings, she had finally been prevailed upon to sacrifice all for his sake, and to leave her father, who, stern, severe and suspicious, though he had always been generous to her, had tried to give her such small pleasures as his means and habits would permit. She had a likeness of him with her, she said—perhaps I might like to see it. She dived into her traveling-bag as she spoke, and produced from thence a full-length photograph of a tall, well-built gentleman of sixty or thereabouts, whose gray hair, black mustache, and intent, frowning gaze made up an ensemble more striking than attractive.

"Is he not handsome—poor papa?" she asked.

I said the Marchese was certainly a very fine-looking man, and inwardly thanked my stars that he was safely at Padua; for looking at the breadth of his chest, the length of his arm, and the somewhat forbidding cast of his features, I could not help perceiving that poor papa was precisely one of those persons with whom a prudent man prefers to keep friends than to quarrel.

And so, by the time that we reached Mestre, we had become quite friendly and intimate, and had half forgotten, I think, the absurd relation in which we stood to one another. We had rather an awkward moment when we left the boat and entered our traveling-carriage; for I need scarcely say that both the boatmen and the grinning vetturino took me for the bridegroom, whose place I temporarily occupied, and they were pleased to be facetious in a manner which was very embarrassing to me, but which I could not very well check. Moreover, I felt compelled so far to sustain my assumed character as to be specially generous in the matter of a *buona mano* to those four jolly watermen, and, for the first few miles of our drive, I could not help remembering this circumstance with some regret, and wondering whether it would occur to von Rosenau to reimburse me.

Probably our coachman thought that, having a runaway couple to drive, he ought to make some pretense at least of fearing pursuit; for he set off at such a furious pace that our four half-starved horses were soon beat, and we had to perform the remainder of the long, hot, dusty journey at a foot's pace. I have forgotten how we made the time pass. I think we slept a good deal. I know we were both very tired, and a trifle cross, when in the evening we reached Longarone, a small, poverty-stricken village, on the verge of that Dolomite region which, in these latter days, has become so frequented by summer tourists.

Tourists usually leave in their wake some of the advantages as well as the drawbacks of civilization; and probably there is now a respectable hotel at Longarone. I suppose, therefore, that I may say, without risk of laying myself open to an action for slander, that a more filthy den than the osteria before which my charge and I alighted no imagination, however disordered, could conceive. It was a vast, dismal building which had doubtless been the palace of some rich citizen of the Republic in days of yore, but which had now fallen into a dishonored old age. Its windows and shutters were tightly closed, and had been so apparently from time immemorial; a vile smell of rancid oil and garlic pervaded it in every part; the cornices of its huge, bare rooms were festooned with blackened cobwebs; and the dust and dirt of ages had been suffered to accumulate upon the stone floors of its corridors. The Signorina tucked up her petticoats as she picked her way along the passages to her bedroom, while I remained behind to order dinner of the sulky, black-browed padrona, to whom I had already had to explain that my companion and I were not man and wife, and who, I fear, had consequently conceived no very high opinion of us. Happily the priest had already been warned by telegram that his service would not be required until the morrow; so I was spared the nuisance of an interview with him.

After a time we sat down to our *tele-a-tele* dinner. Such a dinner! Even after the lapse of all these years I am unable to think of it without a shudder. Half famished though we were, we could not do much more than look at the greater part of the dishes which were set before us; and the climax was reached when we were served with an astonishing *compote*, made up, so far as I was able to judge, of equal proportions of preserved plums and mustard, to which vinegar and sugar had been super-added. Both the Signorina and I partook of this horrible mixture, for it really looked as if it might be rather nice; and when, after the first mouthful, each of us looked up, and saw the other's face of agony and alarm, we burst into a simultaneous peal of laughter. Up to that moment we had been very solemn and depressed; but the laugh did us good, and sent us to bed in somewhat better spirits; and the malignant *compote* at least did us the service of effectually banishing our appetite.

I forbear to enlarge upon the horrors of the night. Mosquitoes, and other insects, which, for some reason or other, we English seldom mention, save under a modest pseudonym, worked their wicked will upon me till daybreak set me free, and I presume that the fair Bianca was no better off; for when the breakfast hour arrived, I received a message from her to the effect that she was unable to leave her room.

I was sitting over my dreary little repast, wondering how I should get through the day, and speculating upon the possibility of my release before night-fall, and I had just concluded that I must make up my mind to face another night with the mosquitoes and their hardy allies, when, to my great joy, a slatternly serving-maid came lolloping into the room, and announced that a gentleman styling himself "Il

Conte di Rosenau" had arrived and demanded to see me instantly. Here was a piece of unlooked-for good fortune! I jumped up, and flew to the door to receive my friend, whose footsteps I already heard on the threshold.

"My dear, good soul!" I cried, "this is too delightful! How did you manage—"

The remainder of my sentence died away upon my lips; for, alas! it was not the missing Alberto whom I had nearly embraced, but a stout, red-faced, white-mustached gentleman, who was in a violent passion, judging by the terrific salute of Teutonic expletives with which he greeted my advance. Then he, too, desisted as suddenly as I had done, and we both fell back a few paces, and stared at one another blankly. The new comer was the first to recover himself.

"This is some accursed mistake," said he, in German.

"Evidently," said I.

"But they told me that you and an Italian young lady were the only strangers in the house."

"Well, sir," I said, "I can't help it if we are. The house is not of a kind likely to attract strangers; and I assure you that, if I could consult my own wishes, the number of the guests would soon be reduced by one."

He appeared to be a very choleric old person. "Sir," said he, "you seem disposed to carry things off with a high hand; but I suspect that you know more than you choose to reveal. Be so good as to tell me the name of the lady who is staying here."

"I think you are forgetting yourself," I answered, with dignity. "I must decline to gratify your curiosity."

He stuck his arms akimbo, and planted himself directly in front of me, frowning ominously. "Let us waste no more words," he said. "If I have made a mistake, I shall be ready to offer you a full apology. If not—but that is nothing to the purpose. I am Lieutenant-General Graf von Rosenau, at your service, and I have reason to believe that my son, Graf Albrecht von Rosenau, a lieutenant in his Imperial and Royal Majesty's 99 Croat regiment, has made a runaway match with a certain Signorina Bianca Marinelli of Venice. Are you prepared to give me your word of honor as a gentleman and an Englishman that you are not privy to this affair?"

At these terrible words I felt my blood run cold. I may have lost my presence of mind; but I don't know how I could have got out of the dilemma even if I had preserved it.

"Your son has not yet arrived," I stammered.

He pounced upon me like a cat upon a mouse, and gripped both my arms above the elbow. "Is he married?" he hissed, with his red nose a couple of inches from mine.

"No," I answered, "he is not. Perhaps I had better say at once that if you use personal violence I shall defend myself in spite of your age."

Upon this he was kind enough to relax his hold.

"And pray, sir," he resumed, in a somewhat more temperate tone, after a short period of reflection, "what have you to do with all this?"

[To be concluded.]

TWENTY-SIX NEW—we had almost said amateur—doctors were turned loose upon an unprotected community this week, and yet people wonder at the depreciation of real estate in this vicinity. Perhaps facts like these will afford new light as to the cause of the constant increase of suicides on this coast. In these hard times it is every way cheaper to kill one's self.—S. F. News-Letter.



Puck's Exchanges.

REVISED COOK-BOOK.

Sea Bass—A bald-headed trombone-player in a brass band.

Indian Maize—United States troops advancing on Sitting Bull.

Hard Bake—Place your pastry in a hot oven and forget all about it.

Open Tarts—Insert your knife carefully and lift up the upper crust.

Jam Tarts—Place your tarts in the hinge of the door and close briskly.

Fried Fillets of Sole—A fish caught in the regions that Bob Ingersoll ignores.

Honey Drops—Place your honey in a cullender and watch the effect from beneath.

Orange Float—For further particulars consult the editorial department of this paper.

Irish Stew—Reading the Boston Pilot to your wife; see if she don't say you're Irish too.

Corn Dodger—Husking for red ears to get a kiss. See if you can make the corn dodge her.

To Collar Beef—Watch your opportunity, snatch up briskly, and carry home under your coat.

To make Broiled Squab—Pouring hot water on man and wife, who are both clinched to one chair.

Preserved Pears—Two couple of a fifty-five years vintage "sitting alone on the sofa at night."

Sausage Roll—Carry your sausage carefully to the top of the nearest hill and trundle it easily down.

Pickled Damsons—The young man that reaches his room at "five o'clock in the morning," and sneaks down-stairs after the breakfast is cold.

Grape Pie—For the first ingredient visit a menagerie where they have a gray ape, and for the latter a newspaper office that has dropped a form from the third story down to the sub-cellar.

SLACK times, as the chunk of lime said to the water.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

WHEN Nat. Goodwin calls his wife Eliza, he roars, "Hic jacet!"—*St. Albans Adv.*

A CLEAR case of body-snatching—A dog stealing sausage.—*New Haven Register*.

"PUR not your trust in kings." Three aces and a jack will skin them every time.—*Elmira Gazette*.

Low roosts and dark nights greatly tempt the ungodly to eat boned turkey.—*New Orleans Picayune*.

THE godly people of Brooklyn are agitating the subject of closing Talmage on Sundays.—*Boston Post*.

"INQUIRER": No; Talmage's sermons are never preserved. Nobody can can can't.—*Graphic*.

IF Mr. Stewart only hurries up he may be found as many times as Charlie Ross.—*Keokuk Constitution*.

BEN BUTLER is still in favor of paper money. He thinks the wad in the gun kills the bird.—*N. Y. Herald*.

WHEN you visit the menagerie and begin lion about the animals, don't give jackal the bad names.—*N. Y. News*.

IN some of our down-town restaurants macadamized pie-crust seems to be very popular.—*N. Y. Herald*.

REMARK of the Paris lady who gave birth to a child in a balloon—"Where is Mr. Edison's Neuralgia now?"—*Buffalo Express*.

A MAN always gets worsted in a contest with a woman to make the most surprising present at Christmas.—*Fond du Lac Reporter*.

SOME think diphtheria is of recent origin, but it isn't. The Baptists have had the dip theory ever since they started.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

EVERY man is a miserable sinner in church, but out of church it is unsafe to say much about it, except to a small man.—*Stillwater Lumberman*.

"PUT no fulsome compliments on my tombstone," said Grandfather Dunshudder this morning. "Don't give me any epitaphy."—*Utica Observer*.

O. KISER is registered at the Merchants.—*St. Louis Times-Journal*. Please convey to him our kind regards, and ask him if he wants to buy a dog.—*Derrick*.

SENATOR DAVID DAVIS slipped on a banana-peel the other day, and a small dog that was trotting in his rear was flattened out like a book-mark.—*Oil City Derrick*.

PROBABLY about the best way to put a stop to this grave-robbery business would be, in every case where a grave is rifled, to fill the vacancy promptly with a medical student.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

CONGRESSMAN SMITH of the Second New Jersey district, having been accused of bigamy, says, significantly: "I have a good reputation, and some money to back me."—*New Haven Register*.

DAN RICE's "Excelsior," the white circus horse so dear to our boyhood, has "climbed the golden stairs." He used to go up a flight of wooden ones backwards in the ring.—*New Haven Register*.

A SCHOOLMASTER in New Jersey sends us a poem, entitled "Lovely Spring," and asks us, "Would \$10 be too much for this?" No; \$10 wouldn't be a cent too much. Send along the money.—*Graphic*.

"PITTSBURGH is too religious to allow the horse-cars to run on Sunday to carry people to church. The city is also too religious to pay its debts, and has repudiated its bonds."—*Turner's Falls Reporter*.

THE Keokuk horse that gained his notoriety by eating a grass widow, recently devoured a corn doctor, chased an oats merchant out of the city, and offered to shake hands with the man who had the hay-fever.—*Keokuk Const.*

"OUR City editor says the reason Stewart's body was stolen was because he had money on the brain." We do not know the source of this item, but in all human probability it came from the New York World.—*Oil City Derrick*.

"BE ever ready to acknowledge a favor, says a writer. We are, sir; we are. What troubles us is that on one side we are completely loaded down with readiness, while on the other side opportunity is painfully scarce.—*Rome Sentinel*.

"DO eagles give milk, mother?" asked the boy. "No, my son; what made you think so?" "Because I've heard of the eagle's scream." The mother reached for her slipper, but the embryo paragrapher had vanished.—*Somerville Journal*.

THE Wheeling Leader proposes fencing the Ohio River to keep the milkmen away, and thus have high-water all the year round. Has this fellow no bowels of compassion that he suggests taking these poor men's living, and throw them on the cold charity of an unfeeling world?—*Ohio Valley News*.

THE casual acquaintances of "Mr. Buckskin Bill" will be pleased to learn that that accomplished shoulder-hitter and admirable pistol-shot was killed at Hollister on Tuesday. This bill ought to have been settled some time ago. *S. F. News-Letter*.

A POLICEMAN, who had offered his hand to a young woman and been refused, arrested her and took her to the station-house. "What is the charge against this woman?" asked the Lieutenant. "Resisting an offer, sir," was the reply. She was discharged and so was the officer.—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

PERSONAL.—Will the young man in a blonde overcoat and a liver-colored hat, who sang "The heart bowed down with grease and hair" out on West Hill, at 1 A. M., please repeat his concert this evening at the same place, and stand a little away from the lamp-post, so the audience can get a good crack at him with a lump of coal, without endangering the property of the gas company?—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

First News Boy—Jimmy, lend me a nickel till Saturday.

Second N. B.—Can't do it. Fact is I haven't got it. Times are most all-fired tight.

First N. B.—Must have it. Can't you recommend me to some one that's got a little ready money?

Second N. B. (*thoughtfully*).—Let me see. Suppose you try Johnny Bull. Our Government paid him five millions the other day in clean cash, more money than he ever had before in his life.—*Derrick*.

A CORRESPONDENT takes his pen in hand to inquire, "Why don't you have folks write for your paper more?" Now that is just what we do want, to have people write more for our paper. We want them to write for the paper to be sent regularly to their address, but we don't want them to forget to inclose two dollars, which is the subscription price for one year—invariably in advance. And our correspondent may write for our paper, too, if he feels like it, but let him not neglect the inclosure.—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

CLARA MORRIS writes to the *Dramatic News* that her husband only loves her when she plays to "big houses" and "paying business." We don't know that Clara could make Mr. Harriot love her any more, but she could make a much better man of him, if she would hire Christine Nilsson to kick him once or twice a week higher than ever she raised a piano-stool. When a man assumes the position of an only husband, dependent upon his wife for support, the immortal gods begin to look around for something to smash him with.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THIS column is rarely devoted to advertising businesses, or puffing individuals, but it seems only due to the parties concerned to announce that four recently discharged prisoners from San Quentin, two of whom are brothers, who have hitherto been considered hard cases, have just opened a store on the City Front, and are trying to earn an honest livelihood. The name of the firm is "Sykes, Biffen, Slogg & Co., and they have commenced the manufacture of brass-knuckles, sand-clubs, slung-shot and jimnies on quite a large scale. The industry is one that has long needed developing in this city, and, when more generally known, will doubtless obtain for itself the patronage of our best burglars and qualified garotters. This thing of sending to New York for a reliable bit and brace is altogether played out, and we earnestly commend the above local industry to the attention of our home desperadoes, who are being pardoned out in sufficient numbers to make them quite an effective portion of this community during the long, dark winter evenings.—*S. F. News-Letter*.

THE laborer is worthy of his excelsior.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

A PIMPLE is the coupon of a buckwheat-cake.—*Wheeling Leader.*

THE most important part of a barrel is the bung-hole.—*Wheeling Leader.*

THE Manhattan bank robbers are anxiously hunting for the police.—*N. H. Register.*

It takes a French writing master to drive a foreign-hand.—*Cincinnati Griswold.*

SONG of the dry-goods clerk—"Swinging in delaine."—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

THE Philadelphia *Sunday Press* calls the late A. T. S. "a corpse of two-and-a-half years' experience."

ARE watered silks dry goods?—*Puck.* Why, you have often called rye-whiskey wet groceries.—*Wheeling Leader.*

THE king of the Pennsylvania Mollie Maguires is still unwept, unhonored, and unhung.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

SIMON CAMERON is in favor of Grant, so it will be seen that the General will not have a walk-over in 1880.—*Derrick.*

THE *Petroleum Can* is the name of a newspaper in Germany. The Oil City *Derrick* sends its kind regards.—*Derrick.*

SHAKESPEARE must have had a liking for the medical profession, as Surgeon Falstaff was one of his best characters.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

THE Baltimore *Gazette* notes the fact that Gen. Grant has visited Gibraltar, where he was reviewed by the British army.—*Boston Post.*

PEOPLE who shoot at kings and emperors need a little Creedmoor practice. They usually score nothing out of a possible one.—*Rochester Express.*

"ARE we drifting toward cremation?" asks the Louisville *Courier Journal*. Of course you are. You can't expect to live forever.—*Norristown Herald.*

AN Iowa clergyman boasts that he can marry twenty couples in an hour. Twenty knots an hour is pretty good speed for a clergyman to make.—*Cin. Sat. Night.*

Now that the search for the remains of Stewart is practically given up, we presume the "vaulting ambition" of the thieves is satisfied.—*New Haven Register.*

JOAQUIN MILLER, the alleged poet, will lecture on "What is Poetry?" He has the requisite ignorance of the subject to make an interesting lecture.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE swells in New York pronounce their new Mayor Cooper, and there will be a handsome turn-out when the Cooper gets its new Mayor into the traces.—*Phila. Bulletin.*

HAYES is just now very busy getting some one to help him write his message. After it has been read to Congress it will be bound in shape for Sunday-school libraries.—*N. H. Register.*

A CLEVELAND jury declares that the truth is no libel; therefore it is without fear that we boldly state that Nature intended Zach Chandler for a whiskey inspector.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

FENCING has almost ceased to be an accomplishment among our young men. Soon it may be said that in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as foil.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

ONLY 13,000 Americans visited Paris during the Exposition, but to-day 50,000 persons are running around the United States claiming to be one of the first-named number.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

THE British have captured Ali Musjid, and it is to be hoped that the first thing they do is setting the army to work, with hammers and chisels, knocking the rough edges off the name.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

It appears that under the present administration an officeholder isn't respected if he does that which the country expects him to do. An Indian agent has been arrested for robbing the Indians.—*Kronikle-Herald.*

OUR Wheeling inventor is getting up a new patent chair for dentists. A concealed spring in it runs a tack up through the seat, and while the patient is howling, and his attention is diverted by the attack below, the tooth is yanked out.—*Wheeling Leader.*

A MAN named Peter Shortsleeves was stabbed by a mere boy in Troy the other day. He might have known that he couldn't flaunt such a name as that around long without getting hurt in some way or other.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

"WHERE shall we put our surplus money?"—*Rochester Union.* It is strange you should ask such a question as that, when you have a chance to invest it in a pint of peanuts every day of your life.—*Courier-Journal.*

"THE solid South is badly scared," says the New York *Tribune*. You are mistaken, the solid South cannot be scared by the rustle of the ragged ruffles of a resurrected bloody shirt.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

ANGELL, the defaulting Secretary of the Pullman Palace Car Company, has been arrested and \$80,000 found on his person. We regret to say that the chances of this unfortunate person ever dropping the final l in his name are growing most almighty slim.—*Derrick.*

WHEN the small-boy was asked how many kinds of pies there were, he answered promptly, "cross-barred, open-topped and kivered." Not living in a boarding-house, the young man could not, of course, add the information that the last variety are usually "kivered" with asbestos roofing.—*Derrick.*

THE worst case of stuttering on record has been heard from. The party had been sent to the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. It took him four years to say "good morning." When the directors heard he could talk they fired him out. As a book agent he would be a luxury.—*Wheeling Leader.*

PLUCK is everything. Just think how Cain pulled through his babyhood without either paregoric or a tin whistle.—*Keokuk Constitution.* Yes, and he grew up to be a man of mark.—*New Haven Register.*

THE *Musical Trade Review* publishes a photo-lithographic portrait of Mr. Mosenthal. We are sorry for him if he has the measles anything like as hard as the picture represents.—*New Haven Register.*

TO Make Oyster Stew—Thoroughly chloroform your oyster with red pepper, which will prevent him from taking a trip to the surface of the soup and eating the cracker before you have a chance to devour your oyster.—*Claude de Haven in Yonkers Gazette.*

THE southern situation, says a Republican exchange, will be a prominent topic in the message. The trouble with the rads is that southern situations such as they have been wont to feather their nests with, are "gone where the woodbine twineth" for them.—*Keokuk Constitution.*

"THE appearance and growth of the oyster in certain places are sometimes unaccountable," says an exchange. That explains the look of astonishment on the face of the man who finds a couple of bivalves floating in a church-fair stew.—*New Haven Register.*

Holiday Presents.

Arnold, Constable & Co.
ARE OFFERING
5,000 Dress Patterns

OF
MATELASSE
In SILK AND WOOL and ALL WOOL,
FRENCH and ENGLISH MIXTURES,
STRIPE, FASHIONABLE PLAIDS,
MERINOES, CALICOES, &c. &c.
N. B.—The above are cut in DRESS LENGTHS and marked in PLAIN FIGURES for the convenience of customers.

Broadway, corner 19th Street.

**GENTLEMEN'S
FURNISHING GOODS.**

Arnold, Constable & Co.
ARE PREPARED TO OFFER FOR THE

HOLIDAYS
A Choice Assortment of the LATEST STYLES in
Neck Dressings,

INDIA CAMEL'S HAIR WRAPPERS,
ROBES DE CHAMBRE,
FRENCH CARDIGAN JACKETS,
STUDY AND SMOKING ROBES.

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20 PRIZES OF	1,000	20,000
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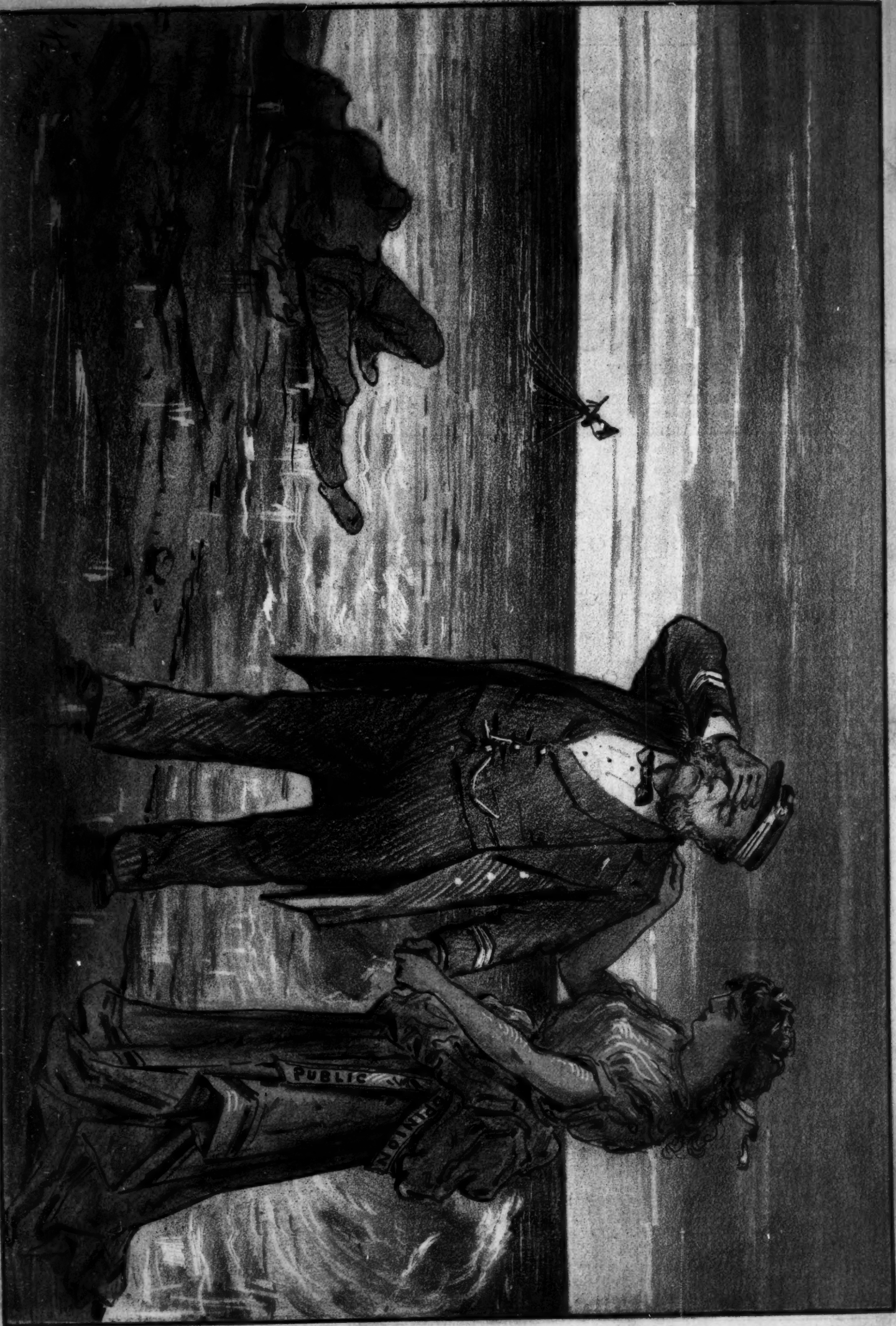
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